*You that chuſe not by the view*
*Chance as faire, and chuſe as true :*
*Since this fortune falls to you,*
*Be content, and ſeeke no new,*
*If you be well pleaſd with this,*
*And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,*
*Turne you where your Lady is,*
*And claime her with a loving kiſſe.*

A gentle ſcroule : Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receave,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniverſall ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no :
So thrice faire Lady ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Untill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
*Por.* You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
Such as I am ; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends
Exceed account : but the full ſumme of me
Is ſumme of ſomething : which to terme in groſſe,
Is an unleſſon'd Girle, unſchool'd, unpracticed;
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne : happier then this,
She is not bred ſo dull, but ſhe can learne ;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord





Of this faire manſion, maſter
Queene ore my ſelfe : and ev
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and
Are yours, my Lord, I give t
Which when you part from,
Let it preſage the ruine of yo
And be my vantage to exclai
*Baſſ.* Madam, you have ber
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to y
And there is ſuch confuſion in
As after ſome Oration fairely
By a beloved Prince, there do
Among the buzzing pleaſed
Where every ſomething bein
Turnes to a wilde of nothing
Expreſt, and not expreſt : but
Parts from this finger, then pa
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſani*
*Ner.* My Lord and Lady, i
That have ſtood by and ſeen
To cry, good joy, good joy, m
*Gra.* My Lord *Baſſanio*, an
I wiſh you all the joy that you
For I am ſure you can wiſh no
And when your honours mea
The bargaine of your faith, I
Even at that time I may be m
*Baſſ.* With all my heart, ſo
*Grat.* I thanke your Lordſ
My eyes my Lord can looke as
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermi
No more pertains to me my
Your fortune ſtood upon the
And ſo did mine to as the mat
For wooing heere untill I ſwe
And ſwearing till my very ro
With oathes of love, at laſt, if

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH